

CORRESPONDENCE.

West Independence, Ohio.

I hope the readers of the EVANGELIST, will not accuse me of monopolizing the columns of our paper, by writing too often. I am interested in the paper, and think its columns should be filled with contributions from the Brethren, instead of having so many articles over the word—*Selected*.

During our late convention, I heard a number of complaints in regard to this paper. But after summing all up, we have no one to blame but ourselves. There are important, and interesting subjects which might be discussed through the paper, nor is the talent wanting to discuss them, but the copy is wanting and our editor does the next best thing.

As stated in a former article, I am finding the field large, and am doing what I can, to point, and lead men to the Master, feeling that truth sown, is never sown in vain.

On the morning of Sept. 10th, I boarded the train at 5:28, en route to Bellefontaine, where I held forth the Word of God to a large congregation on Saturday evening, Sunday morning and Sunday evening. This was my first trip to that place, but I have promised to preach for them regularly so long as I retain my present charge.

There are but four members at the above place, but they have the proper ring, and may they be the germ from which a multitude of Christians may grow, is the prayer of him who serves them. I have never met a warmer hearted class of people, than those living in the vicinity of Bellefontaine, and I feel sure that a protracted effort would result in quite a number of souls declaring in favor of Christ. I, however, cannot think of holding such a meeting during the coming winter, as I shall soon be tied to the school room; but I can get some good brother to hold the meeting, while I pray for the success of the cause.

On Tuesday the 20th, I started to attend the convention, and on alighting from the train at Ashland had a general hand shaking with old schoolmates and acquaintances. One never forgets these meetings, and all that I regret is, they were so short. May we meet in heaven, where parting shall be known no more.

I was much pleased with the work of the convention, and came home determined to work harder in the cause of the Master than I had before. I hope others carried the same feeling home with them, and that a general revival may result from it.

I tried to preach here on Saturday evening, and started early next morning, to go to New Stark, a distance of thirty miles, where I was to preach on Sunday evening. Bro. Krabill took me there by private conveyance, and though we talked of the convention and many other subjects to "pass away the time", it was still too long. We arrived at length at Bro. Baughman's, where we were very hospitably entertained. Our meeting was held in New Stark, in the Presbyterian church, where I preached on Sunday evening to a very large congregation, on the subject of, "Selfishness," from Acts 19:40. After services, many were the "God speeds," "God bless you's" and "Come again," that were showered upon us, and of course we promised to go again. May the seed sown at New Stark bear fruit, to the honor and glory of God.

New Stark is a new field for the Brethren and I am the first called into it. If some good brother could watch over it, a large congregation might be organized in the near future.

May the Lord prosper the work of saving souls everywhere.

Respectfully submitted.

MARTIN SHIVELY.

St. James Items.

Our communion at St. James, Md., is one of the things of the past. On Saturday evening Oct. 1st, 1887, we enjoyed the first communion ever held in the State of Maryland in a house of our own.

We were made to rejoice last winter when our church was dedicated to the Lord, the first and only church in Maryland owned entirely by the

Brethren. We felt glad because we had a church of our own to worship in.

Immediately after the dedication we were again made to rejoice when our much loved and highly esteemed Virginia Evangelist, E. B. Shaver, preached such powerful gospel sermons that thirteen souls gave their hearts to Jesus. And now we are again made to rejoice to see them sit around the table of the Lord, for the first time, in a house of our own, obeying the divine commands of our blessed Redeemer. We had a joyful sermon, and one long to be remembered, and we feel confident that the Lord was with us and blessed us upon that occasion. I believe we all feel glad that we were there. The house was packed to its utmost capacity and the best of order prevailed. We also had one valuable accession by relation.

I expect to hold a short revival in Downsville, about four miles from here, commencing this evening. It will be at a new point for me. We have several good members there, but I think prospects are not very bright for an ingathering at present. But the Lord willing, we will hammer away for a few nights and leave the result with the Lord.

J. BOWMAN.

St. James College, Md., Oct. 4, 1887.

Dedication of Church House.

We are glad to inform the readers of the EVANGELIST, that our Church House will be dedicated on the fourth Sunday of October, 1887. We say we are glad to be able to make this announcement. The church being so small in numbers, (about 50), and only a few being in a condition, financially, to do much, it is only by the blessings of an alwise God that we have succeeded. We have been compelled not only to withstand a financial burden but to withstand trials of persecution, slander and willful misrepresentation. Thanks be to God, we have triumphed over all. We have demonstrated to the world that we are willing to make sacrifices for the advancement of Christ's kingdom here below. When people once get to realizing thoroughly what it is to "love the Lord thy God with all thy mind soul and heart," no task which has for its end the advancement of Christianity will be too hard.

Bro. Wm. W. Summers will preach the dedicatory sermon and will probably conduct a short series of meetings. All are invited to be with us and help lift the remaining debt.

GEO. W. RENCH.

Eaton, Ind.

The Joy of Soul-Saving.

Amid all the pleasures of life there is one that is finer than all; amid all the abundant joys that bloom in the landscape of our days, there is one whose flower stands pre-eminent, whose beauty is seen afar, and whose fragrance fills the air; it is the pleasure of bringing back some one who has gone astray; the joy of knowing you have led one sinner to repentance. There are pleasures that last but an hour. There are joys that fill but the circle of a moment. There are delights that rise with the sun and go down with the same, leaving darkness, and it may be a darkness that has not a star. But the pleasure of bringing a man back from his evil ways lasts with our lasting; and the joy of finding one who has wandered far off, been bitten by wolves and lies dying—the joy of finding that wanderer, lifting him to your bosom, and bringing him back to the Father's fold, is a joy that neither rises nor sets with the sun, but stands fixed like an orb that moves not, and whose beams never fade in the firmament of life everlasting. For this is the joy of heaven and those of who are heavenly.—*Selected*.

Providence.

Two friends were parting at the Berlin station lately. They were young men, and one of them was setting out on a long journey. His friend looked longingly up to him when he got into the car, and said, "How I wish I could come, too. I feel as if a miracle must happen to make it possible."

"Then our chances of meeting are poor, Rudolph," said the other. "You know the days of miracles are long gone by," he called out, as the train began to move.

An old gentleman looked searchingly at the young man and said, "are you so sure of that? It has grown into an adage that there are no miracles nowadays, but if we look back upon our own lives we shall see many a point where God has intervened for our deliverance in a way which we may really call miraculous."

When I was a young fellow like you, I acted as assistant to an apothecary, and it was my duty to answer the night bell and prepare and give medicines when called for. Sometimes I was very much disturbed, and you know how hard it is for young people to have their sleep broken. One night I had been called up three times. I had just got back to bed and was pulling the coverlet as cozily round me as possible when the bell rang a fourth time. I jumped up very sleepily, and in a very bad temper, to find a little boy standing at the door, who had been sent from a neighboring village for medicine for his sick mother. Growling, I took the phial from his hand, and went into the back shop to mix the drops. In my sleepy and cross state I grasped the wrong bottle, poured something from it, something from another, and gave the medicine to the boy. After locking the door I returned to put up the bottles; but, oh, horror! I saw the mistake I had made.

"Young man, in that night I called out in my anguish, 'No miracles happen nowadays,' yet if it were possible, oh! that God would grant one should happen now to deliver me from the awful misery of causing the death of a fellow-creature through my carelessness. I prayed in intense agony of soul. Then, for the fifth time that night, the bell rang again, and when I opened the door, there, trembling and crying, the little boy stood before me. I had no idea of the road he would take, or I would have followed him. 'Oh! don't be angry at me disturbing you again,' pleaded the frightened child, 'but I fell down in the dark and the bottle was broken. Oh! please, sir, make up the medicine again, or my mother may die.'"

"You may imagine with what joy I received the child and how willingly I mixed the drops from the proper bottles. Wasn't that a miracle of mercy? How can one venture to say that none happen now?"

—SOUTHERN CHURCHMAN.

Ungodly Church Members.

There is much painful truth in this declaration of George F. Pentecost, about the spiritual condition of many churches of today.

"A confession can be had from the lips of the pastors of most of our churches that in our midst there are wicked, unholy, corrupt men who maintain their position, and are saved from a righteous discipline either by their wealth or social position. It is true of this church, and it is true of many of the churches around us. If a ship should go to sea with as many rotten timbers as we have spiritually rotten members, it would go to the bottom in twenty-four hours." And again: "This departure from Christ has been brought about largely by the terrible and shameless worldliness of the churches. The drift of the churches in their social life, in their religious work, in their management, is to worldliness. One thoughtful, intelligent layman, a member of a church which is a leader in its denomination, said the other day, 'our church has degenerated into a great, strong, social, fashionable organization.'"

The rivalry of the denominations, resulting from the divided state of the church is the cause of much of the corruption which is here complained of. Its effect in relaxing discipline is obvious to every mind. Every such frank and fearless word as we have quoted above is a genuine service to the cause of Christianity, as it compels thoughtful inquiry into the cause of these evils. And though unbelievers make a temporary use of it (we find the above sentences in the *Index*) we ought not on that account to be deterred from speaking. We remind the scoffers, however, who exult over these confessions, that the presence of unworthy members in the church is, in one view a revelation of the power of true Christianity. They do not create the current. They are swept along by it.

CHRISTIAN STATESMAN.